Synapses

stone tsao

hollow her
  could have meant something else
entirely.

:
:

a debris
small as a handful of dust
lodges into the terrain

like a cracked bullet under sunny roses

begins to grow, a teardrop
glued to what it knew
was salt.

a ribbon, a piece, a fragment of ribcage
uncrusted, a vibration the sepal-lidded
electricity of umbrella'd breath

a story that was never demanded
tendrilspeak of mossy reflection, tainted blue

drool as it begins to haunt you
a phantom beside you

different gradients of pain
saunter the streets dusted with dawn

keys turn in the nocturnal shale
a shade etched with gradients of bliss

the kind swallowed by phantoms.

before she threw you up again
did you feel the slice of that dagger

puncture you into the rain of childhood

if you could slither in the veins of molten
lava, how would you emerge
a fragment re-missing

blue irises dripping like snow
on the white distance

each speck a fibrillation against
the stacked tower of bodies

as lights slowly flicker on

swollen tongues twine
a landscape you will not

this time destruct tombs

a siren veiled by fingers
gently kneading the imprint

of larks. my body a sheet of birds

stretching ouuu t

a glance the hue of olive bronze a slow
refraction the fragment of slivers tongues
caught around knuckles of light disfiguring
the phenomena something shaped a
forgotten body part like tears running the
cuffs of your shirt the ground as it absorbs
sound the speck a sodden dog biscuit
pressing the swollen pool of mercury the
faces of masculinity dripping a beat
against the diaphragm a cage made of wax
throatwarm and unfastened

in the ochre hue of a stretch,
the lightning bolt flickers a piece of hair

growing once more, a diagram etched
with our hands as they pluck sometimes

not there,
the grass blades each body

reinscribed iterations of love

the way ghosts still linger
no longer calling my name

neptune swivers in strange umber, the tell-
tale hand screams a clock under seven a
severed head wrinkles a joint stuck
under a sliver of toast the beginning blink of
a sky under duress still dressed in pink
frocks talisman flip a coin the count of eight

clarity arrives in shadows the tip of your
tongue burning a faded orange the larks
sweeping the sky once more

your spilled image splays itself a tongue
in the firebelly of recognition

there in the crevice, a bolt
the thin lily of a carcass distressed in the fold

latches itself, a lock
turning in the keyhole

THE BEGINNING

there has been a hollow mouthed like such.
ashen in its demands, the billowing finger-breeze
nudges your elbow.

striding without a glance so much
as backward— the eyes
were closed. hands grasping for air

and lunging toward the crevice
hidden in the bloom-socket flooding the ground dry,
it did not budge.

meanwhile thunder was echoing its time lurching
haunted in the miniscule shuddering tugging at the doorway.

a foot planted solemnly then softly
took a leap and in the air over the room
a body begins

to enter